

THE ARGUS.

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Saturday, December 4, 1915.

Shop Early

Buy your Christmas presents early—Early in the day and do it now. That will be your biggest gift of the holidays to the workers behind the counters and on the delivery wagons.

Rock Island—From River to River

Who told those New York reporters that orchids were by Mrs. Galt in two days cost \$100? Probably nobody told them, so they guessed it off.

The search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone has been abandoned, but the hunt for some kind of tax that will arouse no objection continues.

It is explained that the seizure of wheat by the Canadian government for the purpose of forestalling their friend, the Yankee speculator, who is fond of working the middle-man racket to the limit. The explanation is sufficient.

The state of Louisiana is compelled to resort to the use of militia to cope with the gambling resorts in the parish of Jefferson. The gamblers hold nothing in respect but force. They comply with the law when they are compelled to, like the gentlemen in the safe blowing business.

The announcement of Premier Sonnino to the Italian parliament that Italy had signed the pact with the other allies to form no separate peace was greeted by tremendous cheers. The dropping of bombs by Austrian airplanes on Italian churches has left no doubt that the country is in earnest in the war.

Justice Hughes shows not only sincerity but shrewdness in his determination to prevent the use of his name as a republican nominee in the Nebraska primaries. Justice Hughes has been in politics sufficiently during his eventful life to read signs and portents with more or less accuracy. He is satisfied on the supreme bench. Moreover, he realizes thoroughly that a life position in the highest court of the land is above comparison with the empty honor of a nomination with so little prospect of election.

CHRISTMAS GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

Irene Driscoll, who is 5 years old and lives in Chicago, wrote to President Wilson shortly before Thanksgiving asking him to please send her the wishbone from his Thanksgiving turkey so she might make a wish on it. She explained that last Christmas she was disappointed because Santa Claus did not visit her and she thought that if she could only make a wish with such an important wishbone as the one from the White House turkey Santa would surely be told of it by the good fairy who records wishbone wishes and this Christmas would not be so barren as the last year. Irene's letter to the president was spontaneous. Its childish candor and hopefulness bore evidence of that. That is what made its appeal so irresistible that, even before President Wilson got her letter, from all over the country there were gifts speeding to the Driscoll home to insure a happy and merry Christmas there beyond all possibility of disappointment. Five miners out at Butte, Mont., collected \$50 of hard-earned money and sent it and "Big Jerry" Driscoll contributed half a day's pay with the remark that "No one by the name of Driscoll will go without turkey on Christmas" if he could help it.

Irene Driscoll is in no worse poverty than thousands of other little children all over the country. There are scores of them in Rock Island whose Christmas would be dreary indeed but for The Argus' annual Santa Claus fund and its quiet but successful enterprise.

The men who responded to Irene's naive request for the Thanksgiving wishbone are just as willing to respond to any other request; many are even eager for the chance.

It is not much of a task to do this—to bring the good fellows of the city, who are only seeking the opportunity to share their Christmas cheer, in touch with the children for whom Christmas looms dread and desolate. It is not necessary to search the city with a comb to find either, for both

are so conspicuous to those who care to look for them that the wonder is they do not see each other. It is only, perhaps, because we meet each other every day, and have become accustomed to the sight of poverty and of luxury, that we have become careless of both.

Christmas this year should mean more to the children of America than ever before, because it means more to the American people than in other years. The peace that exists here, in contrast to the turmoil in Europe, should make this Christmas one of greater thankfulness and its spirit more impressive than ever before. But there is only one way in which this can be accomplished—the children must be made happy first.

The mission of The Argus' good fellowship movement is being felt more in Rock Island each year for the real good it represents. Join it, either by making a contribution or sending in your name as one of those who desire to perform the happy duty yourself on Christmas eve.

SMASHED AGAIN.

Once more comes the cheerful if not reliable news that the wood pulp paper monopoly is to be smashed by reason of new discoveries. A few years ago we were going to have paper made from cornstalks and being in the cornstalk one the matter looked mighty inviting locally. Each newspaper could have a mill in the basement or back yard. This died away after some expensive experiments, but now come equally good or better advice. We are going to have paper made of grass. Unfortunately it is not the particular kind of grass grown in Rock Island, so we shall have to mow our lawns as heretofore without hope of reward, but there is promise of competition with the wood pulp bunch.

As a means of conservation in forestry, the department of agriculture is experimenting with wire grass as a source of supply for pulp for making paper instead of poplar.

Wire grass, as it is commonly known in the west, grows on the Pacific slope and in western Mexico. It forms a dense mat of roots and yields in fertile soils sometimes as high as three tons of grass.

It is fibrous and tough and can be reduced by the soda process. The use of the "hog" by which wood is reduced to pulp, is entirely done away with.

The paper manufactured from the stock has proved as satisfactory, in physical tests, as a first grade machine finished printing paper. It has, moreover, a very satisfactory appearance and feeling. For bleaching, however, the experiments showed that more bleaching power was required than with poplar stock.

MILLIONAIRES THAT MIGHT HAVE DONE WORSE.

Andrew Carnegie, in fairly good physical health and mental contentment, last week celebrated his 80th birthday. Mr. Carnegie, to most of us, suggests less an individual than an institution. We think of him as a sort of trust company from which is dispensed libraries, pensions, peace literature and reformed spelling propensities.

"Calling Mr. Carnegie a trust company would not be far amiss. Back in 1888 he advanced this solution for the industrial and social problem:

"The laws of accumulation shall be left free; the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor, intrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself."

We do not accept Mr. Carnegie's philosophy. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he still believes in it himself, observes the Decatur Review. Individualism is losing its grip, and society much prefers to have the organized community, the state or city government furnish the good things of life such as parks, and piers, and hospitals, and even libraries, than to have them doled out by beneficent millionaires. None of us like to be objects of charity, but after all we have little criticism for Mr. Carnegie's way of spending \$225,000,000.

Both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, his rival benefactor, have made the state while they have aided society. Mr. Carnegie has done many things for people which the government has not done, because politicians have too long looked upon government as simply a routine to be administered instead of a splendid social opportunity.

Mr. Rockefeller's Institute of Medical Research has been worth more to humanity than can be measured in dollars. If so, why have not the national government or the several state governments maintained such institutions?

We can afford to be fair to millionaire philanthropists. Mr. Rockefeller never said a bright thing, but he never asked to have a college professor fired for disagreeing with him. Mr. Carnegie, out of a fortune that might have been spent in building palaces and racing stables, has been educating people by the million.

About all the service that America was able to render to poor little doomed Serbia was to stamp out the typhus through the Rockefeller experts. Mr. Carnegie's peace propaganda has not prevented war in Europe, but it has resulted in encouraging conciliation in the settlement of international disputes, and its effect will be felt to a greater degree after peace has been declared.

Overdid His Plea.

"Yes, sir," said the tramp, "I've made a lot of money in my time. The trouble was that I didn't know enough to hang on to it. Could you let me have a dollar?"

"No, my friend," replied the stranger, "I couldn't after the lesson you've just taught me to hang on to mine."

Selected by Tavenner



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

MORAL TONIC FOR THE WORLD.

(Johnston, Pa., Democrat.)

So simple a thing is the achievement of peace. Let but enough people think peace and it is among us. It takes time and money and great effort to assemble armaments; to prepare for war. Peace can come in a day. In an instant of time the soldier can desert the gun that it took months to construct. It is said of the present war that it was long brewing, but that it burst upon the world almost without warning. So can it be with peace. It has been long brewing. It too, can burst upon the world in a day.

For the past week or so many men have talked derisively of the plans and projects cherished by Henry Ford. The dreamer from Detroit—and he is not an idle dreamer—believes that the cause of peace can be furthered if men and women of good intent will but assemble in some neutral country and talk peace, plan for peace, plan for peace. To those who hold that armaments alone open the way to national salvation the Ford peace pilgrimage is "fantastic, absurd, futile." It is what, over term of centuries rises most readily in the mind of jingo partisan and armament editor. And, for fear that the logic of vituperation may prove ineffective, those who fear that perhaps peace may come as the final taunt that "Europe is laughing at us."

We have heard that sneer in other days. It was our diplomacy at which Europe laughed. Our ambassadors were unskilled. Our people were raw and untrained. Our aristocrats "blushed for America," felt ashamed because they came from the U. S. A. If Europe laughed at us its laughter in the end turned to a sob.

And what if it did laugh? Are we never to become a people sufficient unto ourselves in matters of conviction? Must some lickspittle always be driving us along the paths of outworn convention because if we stand out alone some one will laugh? Must we cry, "On with the war" simply because we cry out against it will bring upon us the weight of derision?

Those who benefit by means of war are first among those who declare that Henry Ford is impractical. What could be more impractical than war? And yet for all anyone knows to the contrary Ford may be doing the one practical thing. How many men and women and children in England will wish the Ford peace ship God speed when it sails? Nobody knows. How many people in Germany will pray that Ford's peace ship may center the attention of the world upon the desirability of peace? Nobody knows. The sailing of the Ford ship may be for all anyone can prove to be contrary in advance, the one force that will shatter the war delusion, that will restore sanity to an insane world. And there can be no denying that today, simply because the sailing of the peace ship is

talked about, more and more people are coming every day to think peace.

We are told that Great Britain will resent any peace movement. And why, indeed? Would she resent our interference if she were being beaten to her knees? Is our interference impermissible because eventually Great Britain hopes to "impose her will" upon Germany? Is the war to continue simply that some one of the nations may be permitted to feed fat an ancient grudge? Surely! For a year and more of fighting the nations of Europe, even though they are unwilling to talk peace, should be willing to tell the world what they're fighting for. If Henry Ford and those who will sail with him did nothing except gather in some neutral land, stand on a street corner and ask with one voice that the rulers reveal the terms upon which they would be willing to make peace they would be serving the cause of humanity.

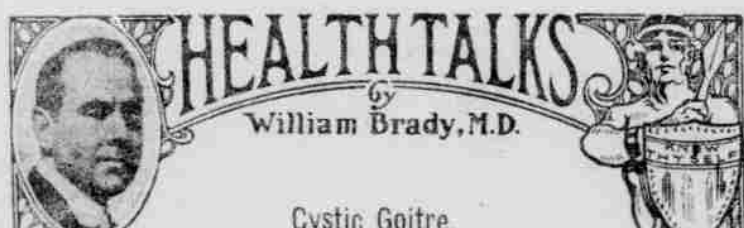
And there is more peace talk now than there was a month ago. And it will be peace talk that will eventually end the war. Henry Ford can afford to keep busy—and wait. Were he to talk of armaments he would be hailed among those who profit by reason of war as a prophet. He talks peace and is labeled a fool. In the particular venture upon which he is launched Ford is a fool—one of God's fools. One of the men who through the ages have been doing the ridiculous and fantastic things that have in the end moulded the destinies of nations.

But think of it will you! Think of the state of public mind that will permit any considerable number of men to term a man a fool because he sets forth upon a mission of peace! Ford is needed. Let him sail. He is moral tonic for the world.

SHAW'S BRIGHT IDEA.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

Quite worthy of Bernard Shaw at his best is the suggestion that there should be a minister of peace, who, should war break out, should immediately be shot. But why only one minister of peace? Why not an entire ministry of peace, or a house of peace, as part of the constitutional machinery? Membership in the house of peace could be given (or imposed) upon the leading advocates of increased military preparation, and upon all munition manufacturers who profit largely by increased preparation. In our country Colonel Roosevelt would belong, and Congressman Gardner, and Mr. Hearst and J. P. Morgan, and Leonard Wood, and Colonel Robert Thompson, and quite a number of men who are interested in the sale of military and naval supplies. To shoot them all when war broke out would be cruel, and would be a waste of time and ammunition. They could all be sent out in the first battleship or the first regiment, so that they would get shot by the enemy as soon and as much as anybody else.



Cystic Goitre.

The largest, the most hideous appearing and the most harmless kind of goitre is the cystic goitre. Cyst means a swelling containing some fluid. In cystic goitre the enlargement of the neck is often monstrous, and the enlargement within the normal outline of the neck is sometimes as great as the visible outward growth. However, outside of the appearance and the annoyance of the enlarged neck, there is no influence upon the general health.

As for remedies, we have never observed the slightest benefit from any remedy whatever in cases of true cystic goitre, although simple goitre and exophthalmic goitre do respond to treatment in most cases.

A cystic goitre in our humble opinion is as amenable to local or internal medication, charms are incantations as a wren on the scalp—and a wren utterly refuses to disappear until it is neatly and painlessly excised.

There are three monstrosities which people carry through life in preference to undergoing a simple operation—fatty tumors, wens and cystic goitres. Of course, it is up to the owner of the monstrosity, if he or she prefers the blemish to a wee bit of safe, aseptic, shockless, painless modern surgery.

For our part, though cowardly as the next doctor, we would not harbor one of these three unpleasant things a single day if we knew a good surgeon who would take the job seriously.

The large size attained by a cystic goitre is no bar to operative cure. Indeed the surgical removal of an exceedingly large cystic goitre weighing many pounds is a minor feat com-

pared with the operation done for a case of exophthalmic goitre of scarcely noticeable size. The patient's general physical health not being affected by the goitre, it is all smooth sailing for the skilled operator.

Any one afflicted with a cystic goitre if otherwise healthy and not already advanced in age, should consider the question of surgical cure intelligently and with due regard for the mental comfort to be anticipated in the absolute and permanent cure of the condition which cannot but handicap and ruin a useful life. There is no more excuse for harboring such a thing than there is for nursing wens or preserving simple fatty tumors; for modern surgery, despite the cunning insinuations of the fake "goitre specialist" is safe and efficient—and that is something no other alleged remedy for cystic goitre can claim to be.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Gargle for Speakers and Singers.

Please suggest a simple astringent gargle which one doing much public speaking and singing may use to clear the voice.

Answer—Mix a dram of powdered alum with half pint of barley water and add an ounce or two of honey of rose. Gargle before speaking or singing to avoid roughness of the voice.

Wool Is Nearest to Nature.

What is considered the most hygienic material for underwear—cotton, silk, wool or linen?

Answer—For the eight months of the year when the weather is such that indoor heating is required, wool is the ideal stuff—light weight, knitted garment.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

BILLY'S LETTERS.

Dear fren Chas.—You should have saw Jen last Tuesday nite when I slipped back on her little hand the ring that she give to Ambrose which he put up in a gambling game and which fell into the hands of a boy who sold it back to me.

My program was carried out to the end without even a pause, and I knowed she was glad because her face turned as red as a genetrix apple when the ordeal was over. They was not no word spoken neither. I just natcherally did what I said I was going to do in a letter I wrote to you a couple of week ago. The expense was not so great as I feared it would be, for the boy that had the ring proved himself pretty square when I up and told him that it belonged to a lady friend of mine and explaining how she was too modest to fact for herself in the premises.

He said Ambrose let it go for two bucks and wanted to know if I thought three would be too much for him to ask for it. That was cheap, and I said I would gladly pay the amount that he mentioned, which I did, and he handed over the jewelry.

With the ring in my possession then I was face to face with the delicatest piece of work that I ever attempted in my life, for you never know what a girl is going to do when she feels that she has been discovered in her duplicity. You know what I mean. Chas, Jen she knowed that I was hip to the fact that her finger ornament was missing but she was sent going to tell me nothing what happened to it because I found out it would put her in a very bad light because she would have been shown to have been stung by a big boob and no lady likes to admit that she is so soft that she will start giving her valuables away to a caller the second time that he shows up at the house. Ambrose, you know, was a chap of very taking ways, and Jen having learned that to her sorrow of course she wanted to forget him as soon as she could, and there was no one that could blame her for that.

Well, the nite of the fine work me and Jen we goes to a pitcher show which turned out to be one that could not have been written better to suit our case if we had had it produced to order. The heroism was one of them queens with waving hair and honest eyes and she lived in the country with her father. She was the only child and her sweetheart lived on an adjoining farm. They was signing on getting married when a guy wearing bolted collars and a red vest come along and tried to sell the girl's father some mining stock. He was invited to stay for dinner and when father was out feeding the chickens he made love to the girl and told her what a wonderful beauty she was. He is lying to her, ain't he, Jen asked, and I said it looked that way, but I couldn't hear what he was saying to her, you know that is the trouble with them pitchers, if you sneeze you miss something that throws you out of gear for the rest of the pitcher.

The mining stock salesman he comes back again one day when the girl's father is away to the city, and he begins to sympathize with the girl in her loneliness on the farm away from everybody else, but she smiled and acted satisfied like and took him out and showed him her chickens—so forth. Finally he comes into the parlor and he plays on the organ some tune what must have been very sweet and soothing like for it put the girl to sleep and while she was snoring on the sofa he goes threw the house and finds the old man's money chest which also contained the family jewelry and he put it in a sack and crawled threw the kitchen window and was gone. When the girl waked up her father boy sweetheart was standing beside the sofa. The villain got away all right but you would never take him to be a guy that would do such dirty work because he had a nice face and if he had a fierce mustache he did not wear it that day.

As the farm boy was looking into his sweetheart's eyes while she was rubbing them after waking from her slumber I took Jen's left hand in mine and got hold of her third finger and on goes the ring, but I almost made a mess of things because my bunch of keys fell on the floor of the theatre and they caused a awful noise, you know, because everything was so quiet and most of the fokes around us was in tears. But I was helped out some by a old couple that set in front of us. He ought not have gone away and left his daughter alone, she said, and he said she appeared to him to be big enough to take care of herself and anyway if he had put his money in the bank instead of burying it among the pickles and the eggs in the cellar there would have been nothing for the slicker to have found. She said girls these days ought to carry revolvers and he said the most of them didn't have to, the way they dressed was enough to scare the average young fellow at 1st glance.

What have you done? asked Jen when she felt the circle on her finger, and I said, Jen I have did my simple duty as your best and truest fren. Why do you give me a ring, she wanted to know, when we have not even talked of an engagement. Little one, I said, we will not discuss the incident at this time. You have again come into possession of an ornament that I know is very dear to you, and after you have fully come to appreciate the significance of my sacrifice in your behalf you may, if you care to do so, tell me the full story, and if you do not feel so disposed you may forever hold your peace and I will do the same.

But they ain't no story, says Jen,

The Daily Story

Romance of a Back Yard—By Dwight Norwood.

One morning, going to my window, which is in the rear of the house and looks out on the back windows of houses on another street, I saw a tiny white handkerchief pinned to the window sill. The same afternoon, going to my room, I was about to open the blinds when I saw through the slats a pretty girl kiss her hand to some one in the house adjoining my domicile. She at once disappeared, but it was evident that a flirtation, perhaps one that had developed into an affair of the heart, was in progress.

After this I saw many a signal in the window opposite which I would probably not have recognized as such had I not seen the throwing of the kiss. My next door neighbor, of course, I could not see, but I had noticed a good looking young man going and coming, and I presumed that he was the fortunate possessor of the young lady's favor.

I was one afternoon sitting at my window, with the blinds closed, when through a crack between the slats I saw a pantomime between the lovers. The girl looked down into her back yard and shook her head. After she had left her window I looked down into his back yard myself. It was inclosed in a high brick wall topped with broken glass. I was not long in deciphering the pantomime. The girl had put a veto on her lover's undertaking to effect an entrance to her premises over the wall.

About a week after this I saw a negro bring a barrel into the back yard through a rear basement door. He set it down very carefully and turned to go away. He had taken but a few steps when he turned, went back to the barrel and busied himself examining the head, which I could see was not fastened in the usual way. While he was doing this his lips moved. Moreover, I saw something passed from the barrel to his hand. Presently he went away again and this time disappeared through the basement door.

I was reading a love story without words, or, rather, was seeing one enacted, not on the stage, but in real life. It struck me that something would occur in the premises on the other side of the wall. Should I be mean enough to spy with a view to satisfying my curiosity? Would it be mean to enjoy what I could of a drama in real life?

The barrel was deposited shortly before my dinner hour, which was 6 o'clock. After dinner darkness had fallen. Without turning on my lights I took a seat at the window. The space between my home and the houses in the rear of it was dimly visible from the lights of the houses shining upon it. I could barely discern

the barrel standing where it had been placed. Not caring to reveal myself by lighting my room, I concluded to wait away the time in the darkness by smoking. I had consumed half a dozen cigarettes and was thinking that if there was any one in the barrel he must be pretty well cramped when something rose out of its top end. There was a pause; then something larger followed. Curiosity sharpened my eyes, and I saw a bulk that looked like a man's figure get out of the barrel, take it up and propped it with it to a corner in the wall, where he was hidden from me. I fancied he was using the barrel for concealment from the opposite direction.

"That's the last of him for me," I remarked, "till the lights are put out." Nevertheless I was too interested to leave my post. I smoked till I fell asleep. When I awoke it was 11 o'clock, and there was but one light in the house visible to me, and that was in the room of the heroine of my story. As I looked it was turned off.

I was now thoroughly awake and believed that I had no great time to wait to see something more. I was right. Not long after the last light was turned off I saw the space occupied by the basement door of the house I was watching grow darker, indicating that the door was being opened. Then something stood in the opening. A dark spot flitted from the wall to the door, entered and the door closed.

I regretted that the elopement—for such I believed it to be—could not have been effected over the rear wall, where I could have seen it. They would go out the front basement door.

I went to bed and had just fallen asleep when I heard the crack of a pistol. Rising, I looked through the window at the house of my story. The basement and the two upper floors were lighted. I saw figures passing before the windows, but heard nothing. After awhile the lights began to be turned off, and in time all was again dark.

The next morning I saw in my newspaper an account of an attempted robbery of premises 73 Elm street. The police were called in, but the robber had escaped—nobody hurt, nothing lost. Elm was the street back of my home. After breakfast I walked around the block to note the number of the house. It was 73.

A few days later, while scanning the marriage notices in my morning paper, I saw that Miss Emma A. of 73 Elm street had been married.

I never learned what had occurred the night of the "robbery," but I formed this theory: In trying to get out on Elm street the couple, or, at least, the lovers, had been detected, supposed to be burglars and shot at. The police entered, but were told there had been an attempted robbery.

Sidelights on the European War

Dublin, Ireland.—Emigration from Ireland for the first nine months of this year shows 7,572 persons sailing as against 17,057 for the first nine months of 1914, and the total figures of 30,967 for 1913 dropped to 20,314 in 1914. During the first four months of this year 4,653 emigrants went to the United States as compared with 12,809 in the same period of last year, while only 519 went to Canada as against 2,748. These figures, taken from the latest report of the Irish registrar general are interesting in view of the controversy that has arisen about Irish emigration since the war.

Athens.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—A mutilated statue of Eros, discovered by French troops in the course of trench digging exercises on the island of Lemnos, may prove to be a find of great archeological importance. The statue was uncovered on the site of the ancient town of Haephestia, which once boasted 60,000 inhabitants, and the condition of the statue is said to give conclusive evidence that the city was destroyed by a terrible earthquake and not by an invader, as had heretofore been thought likely.

London.—The spectacle of a member of the British peerage in the most obsolete paternal role of Lord of the Manor, is found in Devon, where Lord Fortescue gives his close personal attention to the affairs of his tenants. Since the beginning of the war, he has called them together each week and given them a lecture on the progress of the fighting. The lectures are staged in the village school room at South Molton.

Tokio.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Matsuzo Nagai, formerly consul general at San Francisco, has been appointed private secretary to Baron Ishii, the new minister for foreign affairs. Before serving as consul at San Francisco, Mr. Nagai was one of the secretaries at the Japanese embassy at Washington. He is thoroughly familiar with conditions in the United States and is one of the best

English scholars in Japan. The post of secretary to the minister is one of the most important at the foreign office.

Seoul, Korea.—Priceless relics of a Korean era fixed at 1,300 years ago have been found during excavations at the ruins of the old Shilla dynasty tombs of Korea at Ksongju. Workmen engaged in the restoration of a nine-story tower discovered an old stone coffin containing a jeweled ornament, a gold bell, a silver bell, a gold vase, a stone gourd, some exquisite com-shaped jewels, and other relics.

In this connection it has been noted that one of the three sacred treasures of Japan which symbolize the sovereignty of the emperor is a comma-shaped jeweled necklace. This jewel is borne to Kioto for use during the coronation ceremonies.

Osaka, Japan.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—As a means of encouraging sanitation and the prevention of disease the city health department has engaged a well known actor to produce a one-act comedy whose story and plot is designed to instill a fear of epidemics.

HER DAUGHTERS TO JOIN CAPITAL'S OFFICIAL SOCIETY



Madame Raybaud.

Madame Raybaud, wife of Colonel Eduardo Raybaud, military attaché of the Argentine embassy, is one of the recent additions to the official set of Washington and by her charming hospitality has already won a high place among society leaders. Mme. Raybaud has four pretty daughters, two of whom will "come out" during this season.